T

Little Talland House,
Firle, Lewes,
Sussex.

Sunday. July 20-1911

My Violet,

Jessa is supposed to keep quiet, but she is practically all right. She is beginning to do things as usual. But the dr. says she ought to be very careful. The miscarriage went on for such an age, & it is very exhausting. I hope they'll take a house in the country next month. She has had no real holiday for an age. Happily the children both flourish.

I'm here for Sunday.

A tremendous wind is blowing.

How are you?

Should you ask formally found
of me, or merely indifferent?[2]

Yr N.S.

NYPL

T.

Nov. ~~1912~~ ~~1912~~.
1911.

38 Brunswick Square
W.C.

Mr Nicholl.

Dam Ellen! Damn
Margaret Lyttelton —
what the use of my coming
on the top of her?
I can't dine with you
on Wednesday or Thursday —
I suppose Friday's no good?
If not, I must wait till
next week. which is
miserably free.
I'm now in

the middle of putting my book up. You can't think what a job it is — but the Sq. is like Paradise. There are the Fourships for angels. —

I didn't write about Hannah — didn't even read her — but I suppose it must have been very very good.

Do Lettie a time — what a lying creature Friendship! — Yr one

Yr VS.

That is the title of my novel by the way.

TELEPHONE 6247 CITY.

46, Gordon Square,
Bloomsbury.

38. Brunswick Sq.
W. C.

T.

Nov 20 1911

My Violet

Would it bore you too intensely to have me to lunch one day this week - Tuesday, Wednesday or Thursday? If it would, for need merely spit a day so. I am now undertaking an entirely new branch of life, & if you can give me advice, so much

the better.
What have ye been doing?
Why did ye never answer
my letters? At last
I got to feel like a dog
left out at night, barking
at the moon.
We are still on the
Street. Cant get rid
of painters & plumbers.

Yr — P. S.

It would be very nice to see ye
again.

TELEPHONE,
7267 CITY.

38,
Brunswick Square,
W.C.

My Violet,

I'm so sorry; but Savage is making me spend a fortnight in bed, as I cant sleep. It is very ridiculous.

After that, I shall come & Dine - if you'll have me.

I liked the pictures. Its quite obvious that Mrs. C. was a Solid provincial Lady, from the town of the house. One expects always those peoples houses.

V W

T.

TELEPHONE,
7287 CITY.

38,
Brunswick Square,
W.C.

22nd May. 1912.

My Violet,

Next time you begin a letter: 'Are you pregnant, or married?' Do for Goodness sake, put the right number. Your envelope reached me open, as it was written. "Opened by J. Stephen" - who lives at 32, & when she saw what was in it, she promptly saw it back - but what of my character? The postman drew his own conclusions.

I will come down one day, if

You will have me, or there is a train after
lunch. But which day? Please tell me —
not Whitsuntide — some day next week.
We go on much as usual. Nessa started
measles in Milan — isn't it amazing?
Roger & Clive may still get it. Angelica,
the four is ruined; though she is now all
right. They are in Florence, I think.
Every morning I write 500 words; & have
already passed my natural limit; but
must go on for another 5 chapters.
The worst of it is, you won't like it; you'll
tell me I'm a failure as a writer, as well
as a failure as a woman. Then I shall
take a dive into the Serpentine which, I see,
is 6 feet deep in mallowroots and mud.
By the way, Are you fond of Q?

Yr. V.S.